

Frankenstein

Twiztid

(2x)

I'm not a clone, I'm a Frankenstein
Created through the visions of a mastermind
This face, this soul, this rhyme is mine
But y'all don't know this... (Frankenstein)

So what if I use jumper cables to kick start this retardedest brother
In this music game of street smarts?
Bitch, we been doing this since '93
10 years in this so called, industry
What I see is so many stars sucking dick
What we be is something that's truly flipping the script
What y'all know is only what they provide you with
A song is a song even if you call it a hit
My face is my property, painted of the night, wearing a mask
Whatever I have or have not... become is an extension of who I be
Ain't nobody writting raps for me
And basically, putting in mad work
For the little that we obtained
Ain't no plaques covering the wall with my name
But my ever-growing family is spreading in mass
Enough to scare the shit out of your playa hating ass
And you still wanna call me a clone?

You couldn't play this kind of widespread
I'm sheddin' skins like chameleons
Just to keep up my disguises
(Now I'm hearing that this is the only reason that the people play me
But they really hate me when my make-up's off)
You sound soft, goo
And I'm gonna put in the words of the bia
And maybe you'll realize
This ain't a game, and I ain't a clone
It ain't the fame, it's the microphone
And all the family I've obtained over the years
Who representin' for the same peers you keep hating and disrespectin'
(Violent J put us up on the ground and said you gotta
keep the axe on your waist at all times
It's a whole lot of people that's just looking to shine)
So just don't worry about the haters just bring it from what's inside
So this soul, this song, this rhyme
It's the soul of your very own Frankenstein

Devil clones, what the fuck am I?
A painted dead body, soaked in clothes from formaldehyde
Notice where your eyes straight knock out teeth
And bring the heat to your dome, leaving some smoke in the street
Knocking the beat, knocking the flow, knocking your door off the hinges
Fuck you bitches and all you haters layin on the floor, fuck what you know
I'm playing baseball with hater's dome and telephone poles, because I'm out cold
Told me your dying, Blaze Ya Dead you know the rest
And it's a motherfuckin' shame to catch a bullet in ya chest
For some shit you said when you was high and thuggin'
Now the gats in your face and look who ain't saying nothin'
Your a fake yourself, and fuck your wealth
And fucking with a Frankenstein is bad for your health

And you can put it on my casket and my fan bases
This 40, these nuts, and our painted faces

[Chorus]